

WHIG AND CHRONICLE PRINTING COMPANY

HAS THE LARGEST

BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

WOOD TYPE, FIGURES AND PRESSES

IN THE CITY.

The Place to Get Your

LARGE POSTERS, BILLS

Or any Other Kind of Printing.

BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, NOTE-HEADS, ENVELOPES

Specimens and Prices.

All kinds of JOB WORK executed promptly, and if you write us just what you want, we know we can please all.

WHIG AND CHRONICLE PRINTING CO.

Chattanooga Commercial Street, 27.

CORN-In demand, 65c.

WHEAT-Increased receipts, \$1.00 a bush.

MEAL-65 cents per bushel.

BAKING-65 cents per bushel.

BAKON-Butter, long clear sides, 6c.

BAKON-Butter, short clear sides, 7c.

BAKON-Butter, Tennessee hams, 9c.

LARD-In three, 7c; cans, 8c.

EGGS-Per bushel, 45 cents.

HAY-7 a 90 per ton.

POTATOES-Irish, 50c; sweet, 50c.

FLOR-Extra, 55c; family, 52c.

EGGS-Per dozen, 12c.

BUTTER-Per pound, 10c.

GREEN-Per pound, 10c.

BREXWAX-Per pound, 10c.

HIDES-Green, 4c; salted, 6c; dry, 8c.

TALLOW-Dull, per pound, 6c.

Apples-dried, 30c.

Apples, green, 75c.

Beans, dried, 75c.

Beans, green, 75c.

Beans, small, 75c.

Beans, large, 75c.

Beans, extra, 75c.

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A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge man by his manner,

Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for Princes,

Princes fit for nothing else.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket

May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thoughts and feelings,

Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar

Ever flowing out of stone;

There are purple bells and golden

Hidden, crushed and overthrown;

God, who counts by souls, not dresses,

Love and prospers you and me,

While he values thrones the highest

But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,

Or forges his fellows then;

Masters-rulers-lords, remember

That your meanness renders men

Men of thought and men of fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine

In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,

There are little wood-clad hills;

There are feeble high-saplings,

There are cedars on the hills,

God, who counts by souls, not stations,

Love and prospers you and me;

For to Him all vague distinctions

Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders

Of the nation's wealth and fame;

Titled laziness is pensioned,

And fattened on the same!

By the sweat of others' foreheads,

Living only to rejoice,

While the poor man's outraged freedom

Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal.

Born with love and light;

Wrong is a shadow, never prosper

While there is a sunny right;

God, whose world-wide voice is singing

Boundless love to you and me,

Links oppression with its titles,

But as pebbles in the sea.

Truth and God are coexistent,

Never parted, scarcely twain;

Finding Him thou shalt possess her,

Shunning Him, the search in vain.

Not through labyrinth of error

Shall the way of truth be shown;

Lo! the lonely path before thee,

Straight and rugged is her own.

When we reach the Canaan promised

To the Israel of God,

Gems of ancient truth shall ripen.

Hidden things be understood.

Love divine! the "old, old story"

Shall all holy lips repeat.

While we clasp the hand of healing,

While we kiss the pierced feet.

NEW TRUTH.

BY HELEN ANSELL GOODWIN.

There is no such thing as new truth,

Truth is older than the earth,

Older than principal chaos

Whence the universe had birth;

Older than the starry watch-fires

Set in heights by man untold;

Older than the oldest angel

Standing by the throne of God.

Truth and God are coexistent,

Never parted, scarcely twain;

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THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

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